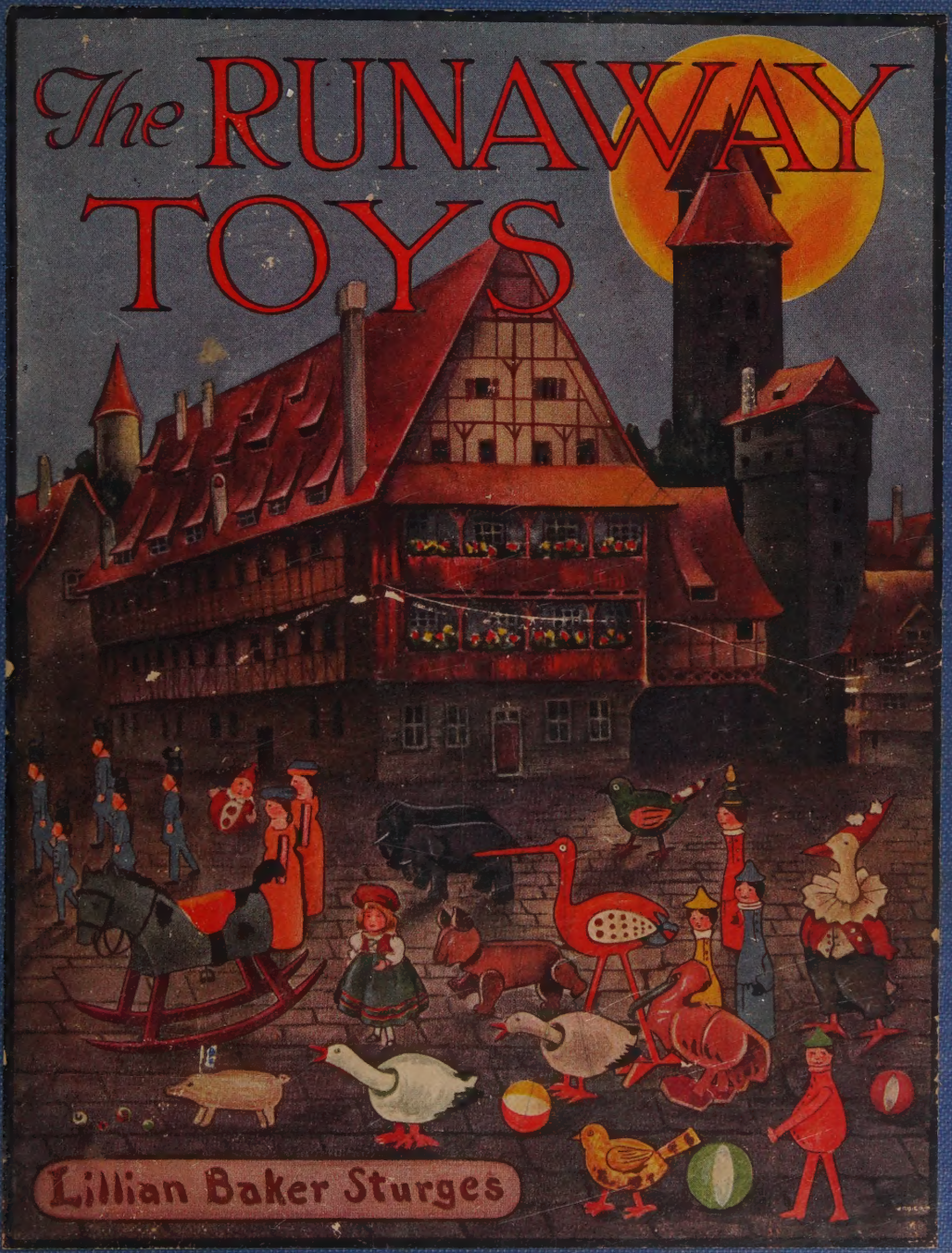
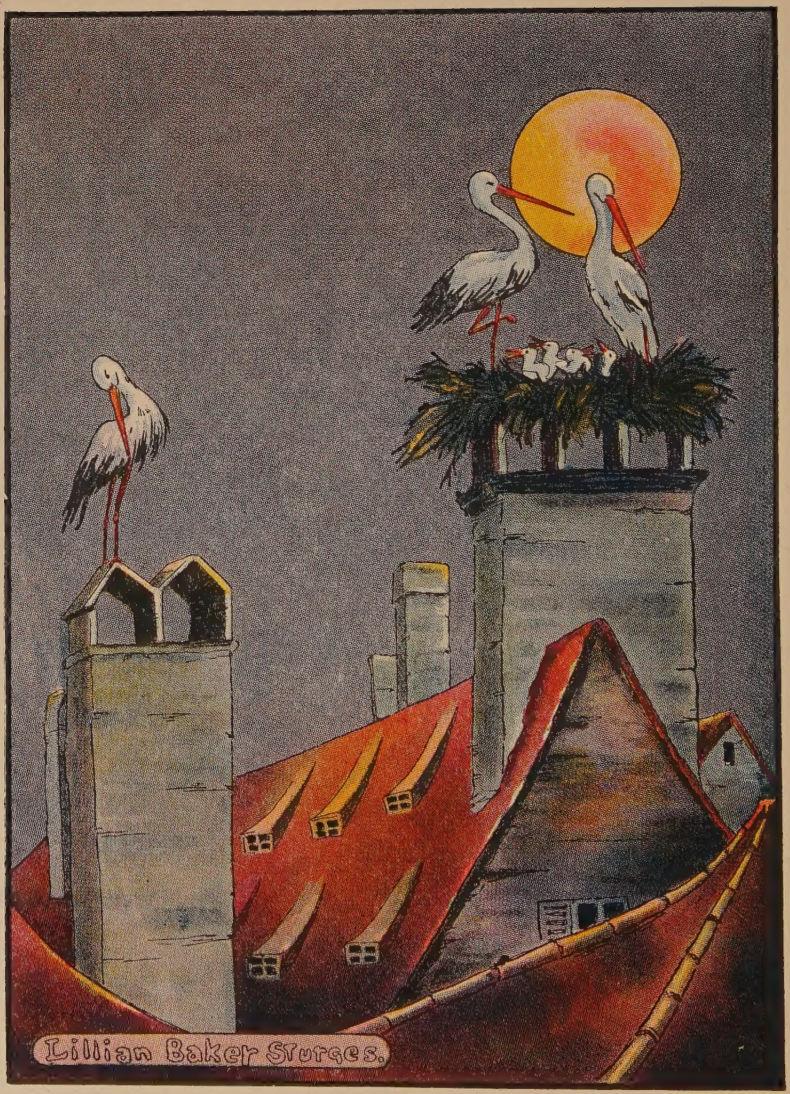

The RUNAWAY TOYS
Lillian Baker Sturges

B-91
AND

Rss L. Hauld

Xmas - 1928

THE RUNAWAY TOYS


Lillian Baker Sturges.

The Runaway Toys

By

LILLIAN BAKER STURGES

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

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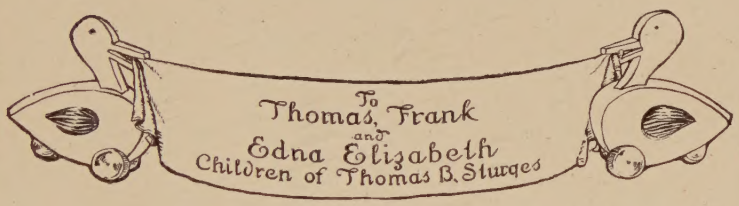
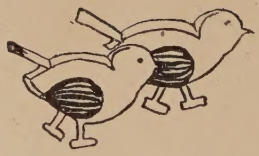

To
Thomas, Frank
and
Edna Elizabeth
Children of Thomas B. Sturges



THE RUNAWAY TOYS

IN far-away Bavaria,
There is a queer old town
Whose narrow streets and dwellings quaint
Have brought it great renown.

A high stone wall surrounds the place,
A hundred towers rise,
And many a tower once rose high
That now in ruin lies.

The crooked, narrow streets, they wind
Among the dwellings old;
The balconies are decked with blooms
Of crimson, blue, and gold.

The roofs with bright red tiles are gay
Above the gables steep,
And many a tiny window swings
Out from its casement deep.

And now that day is nearly done,
The sun low in the west,
Let's wander down this crooked street
Far narrower than the rest.

Oh, what a rainbow-colored town!—
You'd surely like to stop
And look in through the window panes
To see this fine Toy Shop.

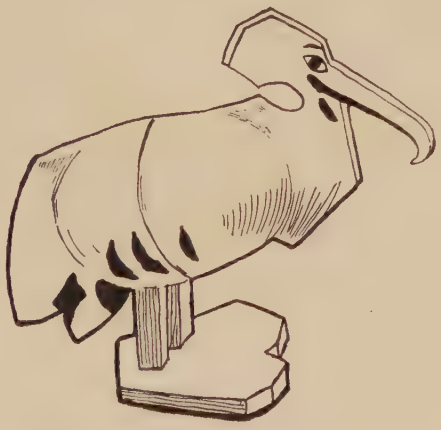
For Nuremberg, as well you know,
Is noted for its Toys;
They 're sent the wide, wide world around
To please the Girls and Boys.

Alas! they are all sent away
To far-off foreign lands;
The Little Ones of Nuremberg
Must play with empty hands.

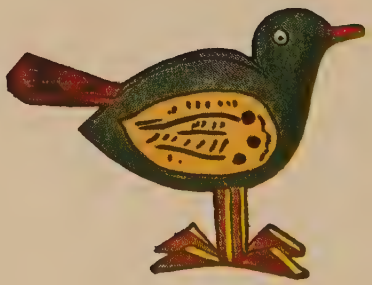
Oh, see that curious little door!
Shall we not step inside?
The Shopman beckons us to come,—
He views his wares with pride.

See, there's a squad of Soldier Men
Dressed out in bright array;
They hold their muskets at their sides
To guard the Toys alway.

There stand the queerest Wooden
Birds,—
A Pelican so bright,
A Stork with very long, thin legs,
And feathers painted white



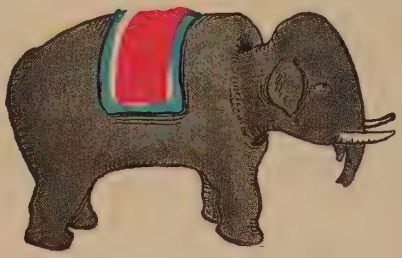
And here's a pretty red-roofed Ark
Upon a counter high,
All full of Wooden Animals,
With Noah standing by.



And here are many lovely Dolls
With flowing curly locks,
Some clad in common calico,
And some in silken frocks.

There 're Dolls of wood, and Dolls
of rags,
And Dolls that really walk,
And Dolls that jump, and Dolls
that sleep,
And Dolls that truly talk.

Then see those funny "Rolly Dolls,"—
The sort that won't lie down;
And Sailor Dolls in sailor suits;—
A Humpty Dumpty Clown.



An Elephant that nods his head;
A Rocking Horse that rocks;
A Duck-on-wheels; a Bird that sings;
A pert Jack-in-the-box.

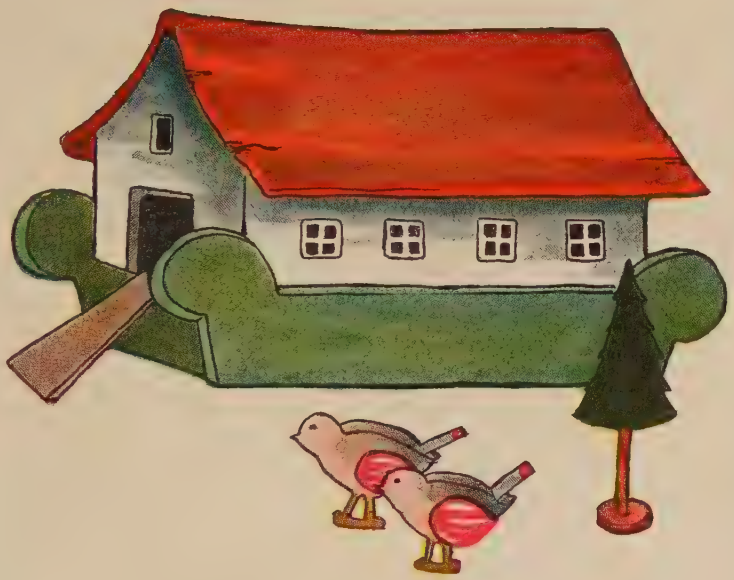
These Patent Toys are wonderful!
You turn a little key;
A Monkey walks, a Rooster crows
By strange machinery.

Lillian Baker Sturges

Once on a time the Shopman, Hans,
Old, and forgetful quite,
Wide open left the Toy Shop door
And went home for the night,

Leaving the Toys unguarded there.
It presently grew dark,
And then arose a murmuring
Up near the Noah's Ark.

"Oh dear!" 'twas Mrs. Noah sighed—
"Again it's time to sweep";—
Night was her time to clean the Ark
While others were asleep.



"Yes, I must sweep, and dust, and
clean,
And work the whole night long."
She flourished high her broom in air,
Singing her doleful song.

"Our lot is worst of all," spoke out
A Tenpin with a frown,
"Just think of being only made
For some one to knock down.

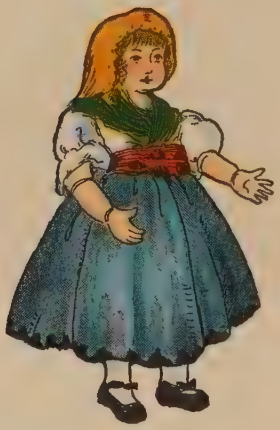
"We dread to feel the hard balls
come;
We'd like to travel forth,
And visit all about the world—
East, west, and south and north."

"I'm sure I'm tired of staying
here,"
Exclaimed the Jumping Jack;
"I'd like to jump and limber up
This stiffness in my back.

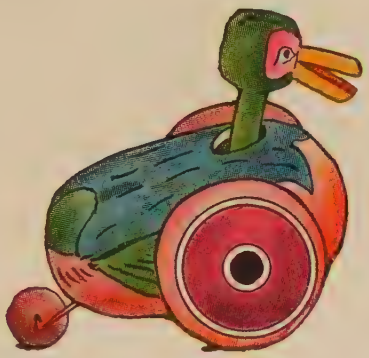
"The other Jacks are happier far
Who 've gone to foreign shores,
For they know something of the world
And dwell in lovely stores."

"I 'd like just once to see the moon,—
It is my fondest dream
To gaze upon a real, true moon,
Not just a stray moonbeam."

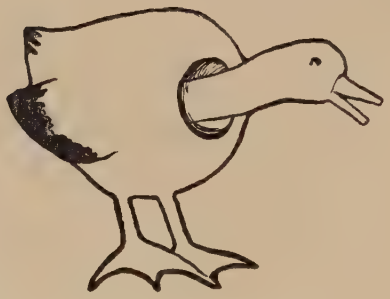
Thus spoke the pretty Waxen Doll, –
And then she heaved a sigh;
"We 'll never see the moon from here,"
Was Noah's sad reply.



The Camel made a mournful noise,
The Rag Doll gave a groan;
The Duck-on-wheels—the wisest one—
Spoke out in hopeful tone:



"I know I 'm just a Wooden Duck,
But I have wheels inside;
If one of you would wind me up
I could go far and wide.



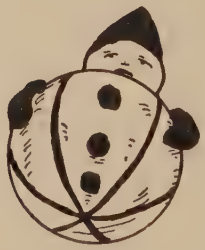
"Into the great big, glorious world,
And oh, the sights I'd see!
Yes, sights both new and wonderful;—
Won't someone please wind me?"

"Oh, let me help you, Mrs. Duck,"
The Jumping Jack replied,
"If I can only find the key
That winds your works inside.

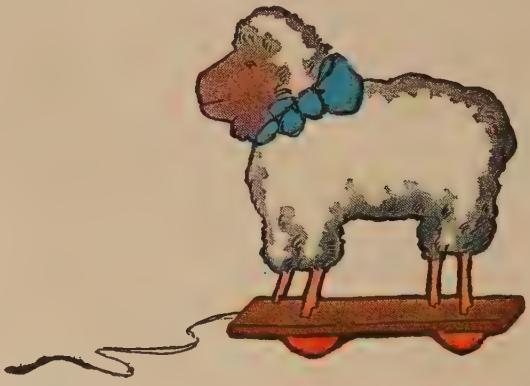
"Ah, here's the key, and there's the
lock
Right underneath your wing;
Of all the Animals in the Shop
You are the queerest thing!

"You know you really cannot walk,
You always wabble so;
But I suppose that is the way
That all real live ducks go."

The Rubber Balls cried: "We can
bounce,"
And bounced down to the floor;
They bounced, and bounced, and
bounced again,
And bounced right out the door.



The Jumping Jack began to jump,
The Duck began to go,—
And every stiffened wooden joint
Limber began to grow.



Good Mrs. Noah followed next,—
The Animals two by two,
The Rocking Horse, the Lamb-on-wheels,
The squad of Soldiers too;

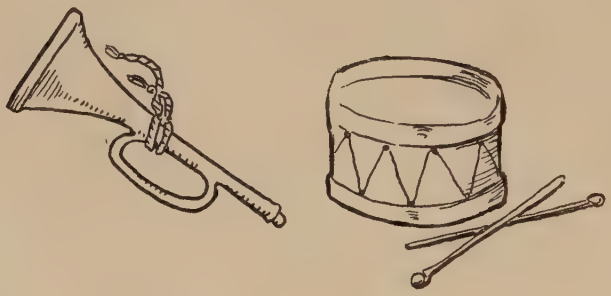
Lillian Baker Sturges

The grinning Humpty Dumpty
Clown,
And all the Patent Toys,
The Wooden Duck, the Pelican,
The Dolls, and Sailor Boys;

The Elephant with nodding head
The Lion that could roar,—
Yes, every Toy from off the shelves
Went out the open door.

Out through the door into the street,
The gay procession went,
With jostle, tumble, rush, and bang—
On sight-seeing intent.

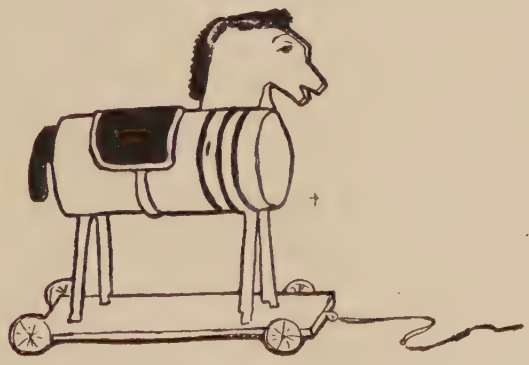
The Children, they were fast asleep—
Such chubby Girls and Boys!—
When down the silent moonlit street
Marched on the troops of Toys.



And mingled with the sleepy dreams
A rumbling, faint "Tum, tum,"—
The Children, very well they knew
The beat of a Toy Drum.

They heard the tread of hosts of Toys,
Of clacking hoofs and heels,
The squeaking of the wooden joints,
The whirring sound of wheels.

And as the troop came down the
street,
The noise much louder grew,
The Soldiers harder beat their
Drums,
More shrill their Trumpets blew.



From underneath the coverlets
Stirs many a little head;
The Children soon are wide awake
And bounding out of bed.

One glimpse from windows open
wide—
The Toys in moonlight glow;
They flash and gleam with color
bright
As they pass on below.

Down many a winding flight of
stairs,
All stealthily and fleet,
Came echoing through the hallways
dark
The patter of little feet.

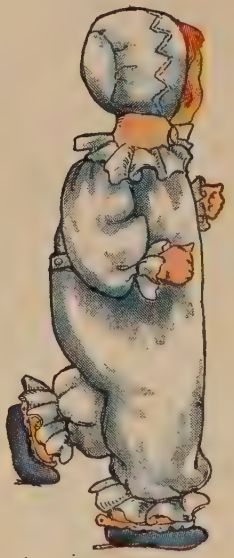
Never before was such a sight
In quaint old Nürnberg town—
Each Little One tripped blithely out
In white nightcap and gown.

Tripped blithely out into the street—
The Children good and fair,
The Children who were naughty too—
The Boys with curly hair;

The little Girls with hair in plaits
Of flaxen, brown, or gold;
The Children who were very shy;
Those who were brave and bold;

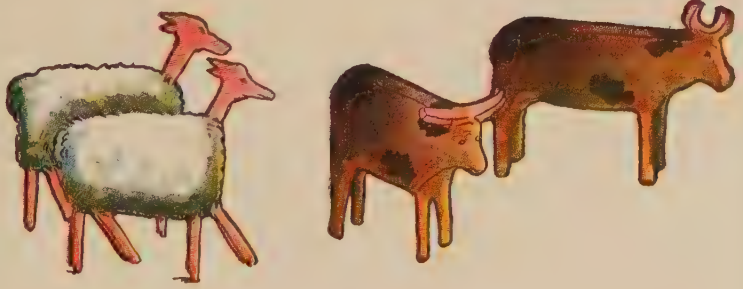
The Children with the azure eyes,
With eyes of black or gray;
The Children who were quite demure;
Those who were bright and gay;

The Children who were wan and thin;
The Children round and plump;
The Boys and Girls came one and all
With hop, and skip, and jump.

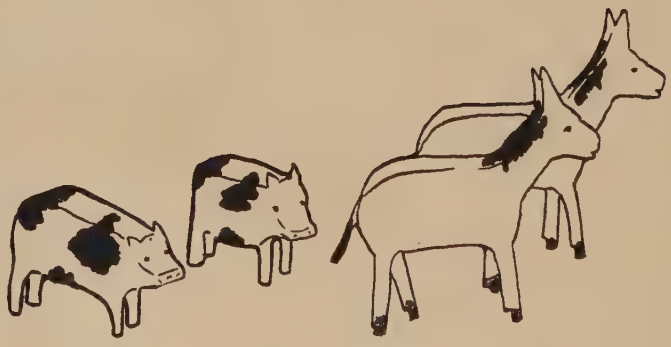


Oh, where were all the Mothers, that
The Tots they did not spy?
The Storks looked down and scolded
them
From nests on housetops high.

The Toys marched on with never a
glance
At the Children trooping out,
They did not even seem to hear
Their joyous laugh and shout.

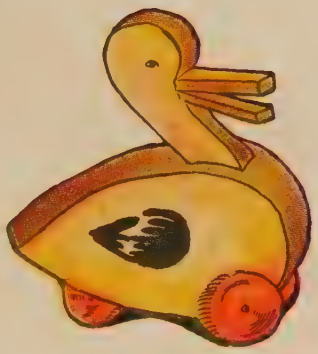


But ever forward on their march,
Through many a crooked street;
The Children followed after them
In their soft-slippered feet;

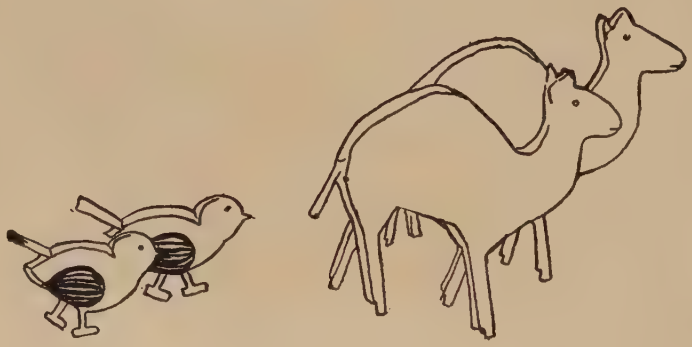


Past Albert Dürer's quaint old house
With many gables steep;
Past old clock-towers of carven stone;
Across the Pegnitz deep;

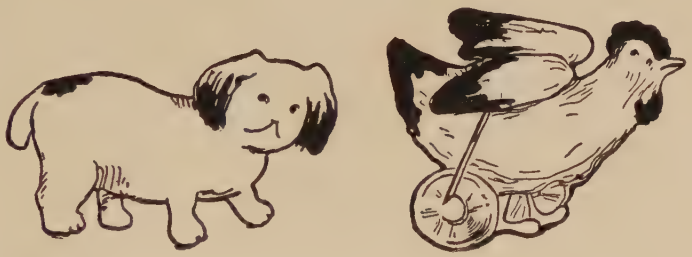
Past little stores and flower-shops
So desolate and drear;
On past the fountains, where the stars
Were mirrored bright and clear;



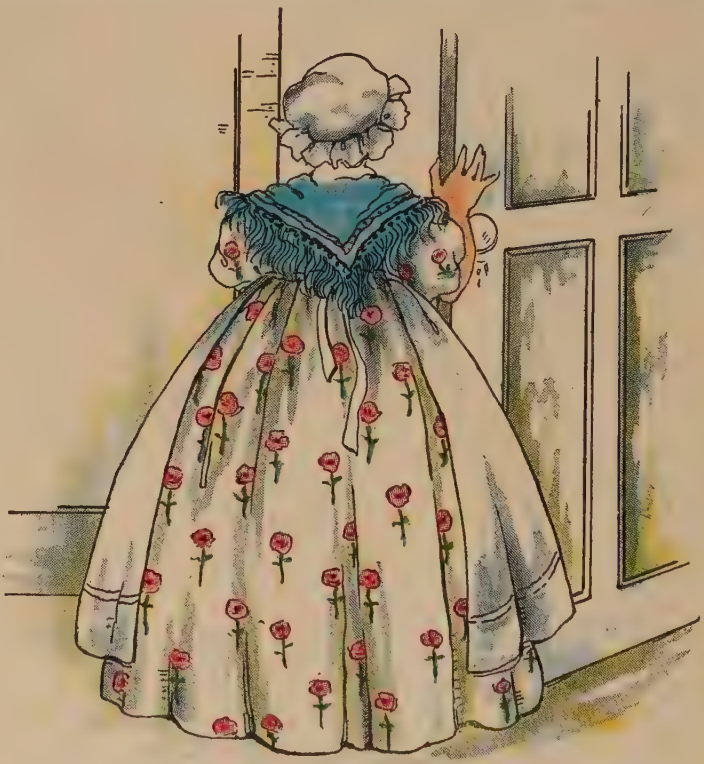
On to the massive city wall,
The gates stood open wide;
The train marched on across the bridge
That spanned the moat outside;



Then forth into the open road,—
Across the meadows, too,
Adown the dale, along the plain
Where scraggy bushes grew.



But still they followed up the Toys
Farther and farther still,
Until they spied the yellow moon
Just resting on the hill.



Each Mother to her Child's room went
To see if all were well;
But every bed stood empty—what
A shocking thing to tell!

They searched all corners of the house;
They searched the hallways, too;
They searched the narrow crooked streets;
They searched the whole town through;

They searched outside the old town
gates;—
Look! over on the hill
They saw the train just vanishing—
A sight to make them ill.

"O Children, wait," the Mothers
shrieked,
For they were weak and spent;—
The Children never heeded them
But gaily onward went.

Across the dale and up the hill,
Breathless, yet striding fast,
They chased the truant Little Ones
And caught them, too, at last.

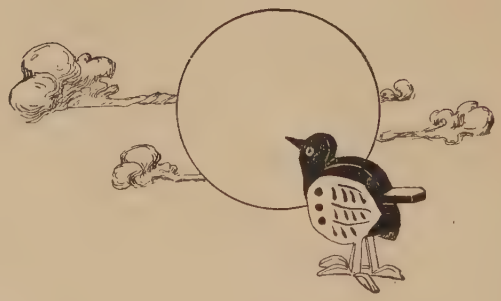
With wonder at the Toys they
gazed—
Then thought of empty beds;
They called the Children to turn
back;
The Children shook their heads.

"Come back, and we will give you
toys,"
Desperate the Mothers cried:
"We 'll give you toys and toys and
toys,
Until you 're satisfied."

The Children turned with never a
word,
And from the hill came down;
They crossed the moat, filed through
the gate,
Back into Nürnberg town.

They went contentedly to bed
Each with a Woolly Toy,
A Doll, a nodding Elephant,
An Ark, or Sailor Boy.

But not a truant Toy came back
That started forth to roam;
Maybe you'll find some, if you look,
Right here, in your own home!



DEAR me, says Little Bear, someone has written a book about me and my pranks, and now all the little boys and girls will know what mischief I have been up to!
What do you know about that?

And off he ran to tell Mother Bear that Frances Margaret Fox had been telling tales about him. But Mother Bear was pleased when she heard the news.

So will you be when you read the "Doings of Little Bear" and see Warner Carr's pictures of him in the book printed in Chicago by Rand McNally & Company and sold in all the shops.

ARE these little soldiers in helmets? Not a bit of it! They are the Babes in the Wood changed into flowers by the fairies, who found them asleep. I never should have thought of that.

Should you?

But Anna M. Scott discovered it and tells us all about it in her "Flower Babies' Book." "Penny" Ross made pictures about these and all the other posies, and Rand McNally & Company, Chicago, put the stories and pictures into a book.

WHAT do you think this monkey is looking so surprised about?

Why, Granddad Coco Nut's Party, of course! How they did flock to that birthday party! Granddad Coco Nut's relatives from the wide world over were there. The list of invitations looked something like this—

Mr. Butternut
Mr. Walnut and retainers
The Peanut Sisters
The Pecan Family
Mrs. Hazelnut and daughters
and so on, and so on.

But when bold, bad Nut Cracker appeared, oh My, it was exciting!

You can read all about it, for Elizabeth Gordon told it in "Granddad Coco Nut's Party"; Frances Beem pictured it, and Rand McNally & Company in Chicago put it in a book.

ONE afternoon Bobbie was blowing bubbles and looking at the moon, and first thing he knew he was sailing up a moonbeam river inside a soap bubble.

Just imagine! Sailing to the moon in a soap bubble and the Man in the Moon turning out to be a king, like our jolly friend, Old King Cole!

Bobbie chose E. Hugh Sherwood and Maud Gridley Budlong to tell his adventures to other children. Then Rand McNally & Company made them into a book, called "Bobbie Bubbles," which is sold in all the shops.